



THE DEAD SOLDIER.

He sleeps! the hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past;
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheeks are withering in the blast.

This morn there was a bright hue there,
The flush of courage stern and high;
The steel has drain'd its current clear,
The storm has bleached its gallant dye.

This morn these icy hands were warm,
That lid half shewing the glaz'd ball
Was life—thou chill and clay-faced form,
Is this the one we lov'd? this all?

Woman away, and weep no more,
Can the dead give love for love?
Can the grave hear? his course was o'er,
The spirit wing'd its way above.

Will thou for dust and ashes weep?
Ah, no; thy hand lies not here,
Look to yon heaven! if love is deep
On earth—'tis tenfold deeper there.

THE

MIDNIGHT SEPULCHRE;

OR, THE

BURIED TREASURE, AND ITS RESCUE.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A MASON.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

James Edgar was a young man of good abilities—a mason by trade—and an American by birth, and until the year 1857, his occupation had procured him all the money he needed for his own private necessities, besides enabling him to send regularly home a neat sum to his parents, who lived on a small farm in Western New York. But "the panic" of that year did not affect commercial circles alone—trades people of all kinds were the greatest sufferers; and almost before he was aware of it, James Edgar found himself deprived of all employment. He would have removed elsewhere, but an attack of fever threw him on a sick bed, and he finally recovered only to find himself minus of every shilling.

On the very verge of starvation, he thought of going back to his parents, but he was without funds, and his pride revolted. They were poor, and looked to him for assistance. Should they see him come back to them penniless and starving? No! rather would he die alone, in the struggle for bread! He could not go back to them, with their slender means, and thus increase their cares.

James Edgar thought of all this, as he sat alone by his waning fire, in a scantily furnished room. It was a chill November night. Outside the meagre windows, the rude storm beat with shuddering violence. Ever and anon the wind moaning and roaring down the broad chimney, made bright, waving phantoms of the flames which leaped over the few bits of wood and coal in the grate; causing the manly face of young Edgar to be lighted up with a pale, ghastly gleam, and revealing therein the fearful tale of poverty and impending starvation.

Yes! the demon of hunger was visible in the wild expression of the hollow eyes, and upon the broad, white forehead, where the transparent skin failed to conceal the delicate vein tracery there wrought. And still James Edgar sat by his flickering fire-light until quaint, grotesque shadows began to fall on all within the room—until despair came creeping into his heart and his faint hopes became, like his waning fire—dust and ashes!

The clock on a neighboring tower struck the hour of eleven. Edgar started, and counted the strokes; and even as he listened to the last dull reverberation, there came a sharp, heavy knock at the door of his room. He answered the summons, and a figure closely wrapped in a black cloak strode into the apartment, and without a word, sat down on the chair which Edgar had vacated.

"A wild night," remarked Edgar, to break the awkward silence.

"Very," was the reply. "Are you engaged for this evening?"

The stranger's tones were stern and imperative—Edgar started at the question.

"Engaged? Certainly not at this time of night."

"Are you in want of money?" asked the unknown, as he bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Edgar, from eyes which glowed like molten lava.

"Sir! I have never yet asked alms!" said Edgar, as he drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale brow.

"I require a job of work done," said the stranger—"done by a faithful man—a discreet workman, I mean. Such an one I understand you to be! The job is a small one, but I wish it finished to-night—to-night!" He repeated the last words with startling emphasis.

"Well, sir," said Edgar, "work would be very acceptable to me—I need the money badly enough; but midnight is rather a singular time to call upon the services of the craft."

"Granted," said the stranger, "but yet I ask it. And still more—you must be blindfolded, and conveyed in a close carriage to the place where you are to work, and must return to your lodgings on the same to-day. And again, you must swear never to reveal to any living creature the slightest particular of what may occur to you this night. All will be well with you, and the pay shall be in advance."

The unknown flung a purse well filled with gold on the table, and rising to his feet, awaited a reply.

"This is a mysterious proposal," said Edgar, as his sunken eyes rested on the purse; "could I be certain there was nothing criminal?"

"It is enough that you have only to follow my orders,"

said the stranger, and as he saw the direction of Edgar's glance, he added:

"There are fifty half eagles; as many more shall be yours when the task is completed!"

"Two hundred and fifty-five hundred dollars in all! Impossible! I cannot—must not accept! It looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime!"

"Nonsense! my friend. I know your circumstances, and your services to-night will fully compensate me for the trifling sum. Do you consent?"

Edgar threw on his well-worn overcoat, and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the unknown to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, he allowed a scarf to be bound tightly over his eyes, and the night of blindness settled over every object.

On tolled the carriage through the city, until at last the wheels sounded upon a hard turnpike road. Soon the way became rough and stony, and Edgar knew that they had left the city and its environs far behind.

Not a word had been exchanged between the young mason and the unknown, and the man who held the reins and guided the horses was silent as the grave.

At length the carriage stopped, and Edgar was assisted to alight. He was conducted up a grassy path, and into some sort of a large building—he knew it by the confined air and the heavy clank of doors behind him.

With the unknown holding fast to his arm, he ascended two flights of stairs, then passed through several mouldy, damp rooms, then down a flight of steps, then through a long, empty corridor, and then successively descending four winding stair cases—the last of unheaven stone. The air grew moist and dense, and the odor oppressive.

"Where are you leading me?" Edgar ventured to ask of his mysterious guide.

"It matters not," was the brief, stern reply.

They stopped before a massive iron door, strongly secured by bolts, fastening in grooves cut in the solid rock of the casing. Down into their niches fell the ponderous bars, the twin passed through the entrance, and the door closed with a dull, heavy clang.

Here the unknown paused, and drew off the bandage from Edgar's eyes. They stood in a long, low apartment, the sides of which were of brick, and the arched roof of dingy grey stone. The dim light which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hideous the dismal gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room was an oblong box of unpolished oak screwed together by large iron screws, and in its general appearance not unlike a coffin. A thrill of something akin to horror passed through the frame of Edgar. He started back a few paces, still regarding with distended eyes the object before him.

"That box," said the unknown, in answer to Edgar's look of inquiry, "contains a treasure! Of what form that treasure is, it matters not to you! Suffice it to say, that I wish it placed there," and he pointed to a recess in the angle of the wall. "You are then to build across the aperture a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you!—two tiers of bricks, breastwise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole. You will find here all the materials necessary for your work; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect the task to be completed. Until that time you will be alone—then I shall come for you."

Edgar drew back, and with a look of resolution mantling his pale features, he said:

"I cannot do it, unless I know the contents of that chest! It may be that I am employed as the blind instrument of some dreadful villainy. I will not go to work in this dark uncertainty!"

"You must! It is now too late to withdraw from the task! Choose between it and death!"

The words came through the clenched teeth of the unknown in tones low, but awfully clear and distinct, as drawing a revolver from his breast pocket, he held it in frightful proximity to the young man's head.

"Your decision!"

James Edgar was brave, and he felt the cold steel touch his forehead without a tremor; but in that brief instant a course of action flashed through his mind.

"I consent!" he said calmly.

"Enough!" returned the unknown; "and now I leave you to your work. If it is done to my satisfaction, an additional hundred shall be added for any alarm you may have experienced." He lighted an iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the cellar, and with a courteous "good night," withdrew, bolting the door behind him, leaving Edgar alone in the silent and mysterious room.

A strange awe stole over him, and mingled with the determination which he already felt to examine the sealed box. Come what would he was firmly decided to have a glance at "the treasure" concealed there, and as his time was limited, he must set about it without a moment's farther delay.

Securing the great door upon the inside, with a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immemorial, he took from his pocket a mason's small chisel, and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short time he drew off the rough oak cover. The sight which met his eyes almost paralyzed him!

The body of a girl, young and surpassingly fair, robed in white linen, lay before him! The dark angel of death seemed throned upon her brow, and eternal slumber on her lips! Her long, chestnut hair swept bright and glistening down her white neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed blue eyes, seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her.

Entranced, enraptured, fascinated, Edgar gazed upon the thrilling spectacle! Speech, motion, action—all seemed to be denied him. A distant clock striking the hour of one, aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and rushed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful clay in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting gloom! Who knows what fearful secret might be buried with her? Who could tell the story of her death? What might not those lips—unsealed from their cold silence—reveal of foul crime and base villainy? He could not bury her from sight forever, with that dreadful mystery hanging around her. Never, never!

Edgar immediately set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in a short time succeeded in making an aperture the size of a man's body through the brickwork. Fresh air, from the outer courts, fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water came distinctly to his ears. Evidently the building into which he had been so strangely conveyed was situated near the mouth of some small stream which tumbled into the Hudson! Thus thought Edgar, as a wild, romantic plan swept through his mind—one that in calmer moments he would have deemed impossible.

Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, from whence he could, he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away for Christian burial? He could bribe up the recess as his unknown employer required, and who would be the wiser?

The idea, once conceived, was carried into effect without hesitation. By diligent labor he soon enlarged the cavity in the wall sufficiently for his purpose, and letting himself carefully out, he reconnoitered the premises.

The night was quite dark, and traces of the storm still lingered, so that he could ascertain but little beyond the fact that he stood in a deep ditch which surrounded the mansion. The ascent from this ditch was steep and precipitous, but Edgar felt within himself the power to do great things, and he returned at once to the cellar.

Replacing the lid upon the box, and tightly fastening the screws, he sprang through the aperture, and drew it after him. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in raising the heavy oak box to the level ground, for the sides of the ditch were wet and slippery. The gust of water he could plainly hear but a little distance off, and close upon the mansion, evidently between him and the river, rose a black copsewood of low alders.

Into these he at once dashed, bearing his load, and in fifteen minutes he stood upon the borders of a river which, from its size, he knew to be the Hudson. He deposited his burden, for he had not a moment to lose, in a dense thicket close to the river's edge, and marking the spot by suspending his pocket-handkerchief from an overhanging branch, he hastily retraced his way, and arrived in safety at the vault.

By the time which had elapsed, he judged it to be not far from two o'clock. But a brief period remained for the performance of his task, and never did mortal man labor with more assiduity than did James Edgar. In a very short space of time he had repaired the wall in a manner so skilful, that it would have defied the scrutiny of the closest observer. This done, he commenced upon the recess—tier after tier rose up, and at length the space was closed.

It only remained to add another thickness of brick, and over all the thick coat of plaster, as the unknown had indicated. Edgar was just putting the finishing touch to the plastering, when the great door—which he had previously unfastened—swung slowly open, and his mysterious employer entered the room. From his black, fiery eyes there gleamed a sardonic smile as he reviewed the walled-up recess.

"So, my young friend, you are punctual to the time," said he, approaching, and laying his hand on the shoulder of Edgar. "Well, I admire the manner in which you have performed the task! And now, as we are about to go forth from hence, I require you to swear eternal silence on the events of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into the face of Edgar, and though his voice did not tremble, nor a nerve relax its vigor, his cheeks became a shade paler, as he replied:

"I swear!"

"Enough! I see by your countenance that you can keep an oath! Your work is well done."

"I usually do it well," replied Edgar, "and am glad that, in this instance, it meets with approbation. It was thoughtful in you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would never discover it."

"You will lose nothing by your exceeding cleverness," said the unknown, as he was fixing the bandage again over the eyes of Edgar. "And there is the fulfillment, on my part, of the last clause of the contract," he added, placing a small, but solid package in the young man's hand.

The same road was driven over, the same silence preserved, and near daybreak Edgar was left at the door of his lodgings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly about him. It was the old, familiar street, with its smoking houses of brick. The carriage, with its driver and mysterious occupant, had vanished. He thought of the package given him by the unknown, and hastily opened it.

"Gold! hard and yellow!" he muttered; and going at once to his room, he found the purse with its contents where he had left it, on the table. He counted the whole.

"Six hundred dollars!" he said, slowly, aloud. "It seems a dream! But there is work yet to do. I will take a brief nap, an early breakfast, and then proceed to its accomplishment!"

The sun had been hardly an hour above the horizon, and was just beginning to give back its rays in a sheen of burnished silver from the calm surface of the water, when a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen proceeding at good speed up the river. After rowing for nearly an hour, keeping all the time near the right bank, they reached a spot where the low shore was covered with a thick growth of stunted trees and scrubby bushes. From an overhanging bough a pocket handkerchief fluttered in the morning breeze, and the signal at once caught the eyes of the taller and younger of the two boatmen.

"It is the place! Yonder is the signal!" he exclaimed triumphantly; and in a few minutes the boat was resting in a sort of natural cove directly beneath the fluttering landmark, and our friend James Edgar sprang to the shore. He was closely followed by his companion, and after a brief search, the box containing the body of the mysterious young lady was discovered. It was soon placed in the boat, the handkerchief was removed from the bough, and the light craft propelled by strong arms shot off like an arrow down the stream.

After a short sail, they drew up the boat on the western shore of the river, at a small village, and a carriage, which was evidently awaiting their arrival, took them and their freight to a large old house situated a little out of the place.

Edgar had the box conveyed to an upper chamber of this building, and when left alone with it he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within its shadow. As he gazed, he started back with astonishment, and almost horror. There was a warm perspiration upon the forehead of the seeming corpse, and a tinge of life-like redness on the slightly parted lips.

The young man rushed from the room, but soon returned, accompanied by a physician, who, after a brief examination of the body, reported:

"Temporary suspension of animation, evidently caused by some drug administered while in great bodily prostration." Moreover, the physician immediately recognized the body as that of Gertrude Winchester, a belle and heiress, whose mysterious disappearance, and supposed elopement, had been the wondrous theme of the fashionable circles some three months previous.

The doctor suggested the most rigid secrecy concerning the mysterious discovery of the body, and, in the meantime, exerted himself to the utmost to restore the lady to life and consciousness. His efforts were successful, and in the evening the young lady was able to converse.

So soon as deemed practicable by the doctor, the story

of her abduction from the dismal vault of the old country mansion was told to her, and then, at the request of Edgar, she gave succinctly the following account:

"Something more than a year ago, my father, Norton Winchester, died. I was sole heir to his property, not only by right, but made so by his will. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my mother being deceased four years, I had no nearer relative than a maternal uncle, known as Colonel Giles. From the day of my poor father's death, this evil man appears to have been guided by the worst notions in his intercourse with me, and, although he was careful to avoid arousing my suspicions, I soon came to know that he nursed against me the bitterest rancour. This was no doubt increased by my refusal to form a matrimonial alliance with his son—a dissolute young man—whom I could regard with no other sentiments than those of contempt and disgust.

"Having ever been fond of equestrian exercise, I was in the habit of riding a short distance into the country every pleasant morning, on a horse which my father had purchased for my especial use. About three months ago, as I was taking my accustomed ride, and, as it happened, entirely unattended, I was seized by a violent hand, and drawn from my horse into a close carriage which had driven hurriedly up.

"Half dead with terror, I recognized the countenance of the man who held me firmly in my seat as that of Colonel Giles! To all my cries and agonized inquiries as to what he intended to do, he replied by a low, almost infernal laugh. In a short time the carriage turned from the main road and soon came to a pause at the gateway of a house rendered terrible by a murder committed there ten years previous—and more dead than alive I was dragged within the shadow of those dreadful rooms.

"Words cannot express the agony I suffered for the next two months, persecuted, as I was by Col. Giles, and tortured with the presence of his hated son. No tidings of the world beyond those high, black enclosures reached me, and I gave myself up for lost. Indeed I little cared how soon death came and released me from this horrid bondage. Every day I was beset with arguments, entreaties, threats, and imprecations, all tending towards gaining my consent to a marriage with young Giles. I remained firm to the last, and in return for my temerity was placed in an apartment under ground, which was constantly kept barred and bolted. This confinement brought on a lingering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death.

"I had taken no medicine throughout my illness, and you can judge of my surprise when Col. Giles brought me one morning a dark liquid which he said would make me well again. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving my dread life, and immediately a slumbrous sensation benumbed every faculty. I heard voices in conversation—those of Col. Giles and his son—I heard them arrange the disposition of my body when the sleeping potion should have taken full effect, and with scarcely a thrill I learned that I was to be put in the cellar, and enclosed within a pile of solid masonry, while yet alive! From that hour I remember nothing. All is a blank—a void until now."

We have but little more to add.

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her health beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished friends and household, to the consternation of Col. Giles, who had already applied for legal possession of her property. He immediately fled, however, with his villainous son, and no subsequent tidings were ever heard of them. The old house, which had been the theatre of their crimes, soon became a ruin, and one night it was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.

The young heiress naturally felt grateful to Jas. Edgar for rescuing her from so dreadful a fate, and displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner. It was quite a romance, the papers said; but we will only hint that it ended in quite a commonplace affair—namely, a wedding!

Edgar and his beautiful wife now reside in a pleasant villa on the banks of the Hudson, where I lately visited them, saw "the treasure," and heard again the story, how near it came of being "buried!"

A WITCH AND A WIZARD.—A poor, decrepit old creature, equally bowed down by age, poverty, and infirmity, was brought before Justice Holt, charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law might be visited with exemplary effect. The terrors of impartiality never set on any judge's brow with more impressive dignity or threatening aspect than on that of Judge Holt. The trembling culprit was overwhelmed with her fears. The charges were opened. "What is her crime?" asked his lordship. "Witchcraft." "How is it proved?" "She uses a powerful spell." "Let me see it." The spell was handed to the bench; it appeared a small ball of variously colored rags or silk, bound with threads of as many different hues; these were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly illegible from much use. "Is this the spell?" The prosecutors averred it was; the judge, after looking at this potent charm a few moments, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner. "Prisoner, how came you by this?" "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me, to cure my child's ague."

"How long since?" "Thirty years, my lord." "And did it cure her?" "O yes, and many others." "I am glad of it." The judge paused a few moments, and addressed the jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, thirty years ago, I and some companions as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house; and after enjoying ourselves, found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. I had recourse to a stratagem. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit; nature doubtless did much for the patient, the force of imagination the rest. This incident but ill suits my present character and the station in which I sit, but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which it becomes me to atone."

SPIRIT OF A GAMBLER.—A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingeniously told that he could not in all human probability survive many hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

tinger on the left eye. Very little sparring, but Mace, the quickster, countered with severity on the same side, knocking on the claret ear, which had been down, trying "pot luck," for which he was let loose, but he was not to be so easily won. He was again "copped in" warm on the damaged peeper, winning the old breach. Hurst, very obstinate, repeated the boring in dodge. Mace cleverly avoided the rush, and administered a reminder with the right on the jaw. Hurst, having told his tale, Mace pace at which they had been, the left, but slipping, was short: the attempted to lead, but the right, chopping with his left, and stepping forward at the same time, planted his left foot on Mace's, his "spikes" completely penetrating boot and foot, and blood flowed directly. This roused the gipsy blood of Mace; he dashed on his left viciously, the right equaled, and his right landed on the back of the nut; he got away, a la Sayers, and on again getting to close quarters, they exchanged blows wildly, and again getting for the fall, when Mace upset all the calculations of the "House of Lancaster," by demolishing the wrestling fancy, as he threw the "infant," and both fell side by side. Offers to bet 2 to 1 on Mace. Time, 13 min.

3. At the call of "time," Mace came up unscathed; and Hurst, although slower, was not less eager. His left eye was bugged up, his mouth had lost the line of beauty, and was streaming carbuncle drops. Mace, very lively, feinted twice; the second time succeeding in "drawing" the giant within reach, when his left again paid a visit to the sneller, without a return, except, indeed, a copious sprinkling of the rub. These frequent violations completely flustered Hurst, who then, his arms outstretched, and his right hand, the latter called his attention, receiving for reply, "I could not help it, Mace." A little sparring. Mace again administered some best "frangipani" on the sneller with his left, and cleverly avoided Hurst's right, which grazed his shoulder. Hurst followed him eagerly, but was stopped by a well intended shot on the forehead, light, yiting and shattering the sneller's right eye, and Hurst, jumping out of distance, sparring for wind, Hurst again short with the left; Mace crept close, and dashed on his left slap short with the cork, causing the carmine to squirt out. Hurst stood looking at Mace. When he had recovered his energies, Hurst led off with the left, and was well stopped by Mace. The infant now was told to "go in and fight a man." He endeavored to obey to the letter, by homing 4 m into a corner; but the little one, "leary," got out of trouble cleverly and renewed the round in the centre of the ring, sparring about Hurst, who was both puzzled and severely punished. Mace sparring until he got Hurst within reach, when he delivered the left a speaker on the snuff-tray, and jumped away. The impunity with which he planted on Hurst led him to take liberty by assaulting and exchanging blows, in which Hurst got his right heavily on Mace's ribs, receiving two light "uns on the forehead and jaw. The infant rushed to a close, and attempted to lay hold of Mace; who, in getting away, tripped against a middle stake, and nearly fell, but, renewing the round, Hurst got a little one on the cheek; and Mace, breaking, ducked, when he was hit on the shoulder by Hurst. Mace returned, but was short. Hurst, out of the corner, with both hands, rushed wildly after Mace, who fought on the retreat, getting twice on the spectacle-holder with the left, and severely with the left on the left eye, which completely shut it up. He led to counters in Mace's favor, who got on the battered snout, a hot "un; a fresh supply of the home-brewed. Hurst visited Mace's knee with the left, for which he was stopped by a succession of the cork. Mace, however, Hurst forced exchange and closed. Mace getting heavily on the bridge of the nose, receiving a right-hand on the Darby, which Hurst followed up by forcing Mace down. Time, 24 minutes.

4. Immediately "time" was called, Mace came up and stood in the middle of the ring, the only "wager" he required at the hands of the "equerry" being to "go off" the sanguinary returns of his opponent. Hurst, who required more attention, came up with both lights in mourning, and all but "dead lights," his sausage-shaped, and the proboscis still weeping. Mace, by the advice of his second, played the cool game of out-fighting, leaving the effect of his handwork to tell its own tale. Hurst, who was impatient and savage as a gorilla, administered the "uns" to that animal at the top of the coconut, for which Mace retaliated by a left-handed snooter on the snout, staggering the "baby," who hit short with the right, and chased Mace, who slipped and fell, laughing. Time, 29 minutes.

5. Mace again up first, with a scratch on the forehead and mouth, and a red mark under the left eye, the other had been rubbed visible. Hurst looked as if he had been dragged through the shambles. Mace, as soon as he got within distance sent out his left, which landed right bang between the infant's eyes, Jimmy of Norfolk actually falling from the force of his own blow. He jumped up to renew the round, but Hurst's seconds carried him to his corner, which flushed this short round. Betting: 5 to 1 on Mace; no takers.

6. Hurst came up showing palpably the effects of the thwack in the last round. Both eyes gave unmistakable signs of speedily joining "The Early Closing Movement." Although game as a pebble, Hurst looked very anxious, evidently aware that at out-fighting he stood no chance; he went close to Mace, but before he could lay hold of him, he caught a little one on the place, where he obeyed orders, by standing foot to foot, and delivering right and left exchanges, which brought the big "un's" head forward, himself missing a tremendous upper cut from Hurst, which had it landed, would have told a tale. Hurst again spiked Mace, though unintentionally. Mace landed, again with both mauls, and got away, they closed, when Mace beat the best of it, throwing his opponent a fair back-butt. Betting: 10 to 1 on Mace [offered].

7. It was patent to every one that Hurst only came up to receive general, as the loss of fluid had so weakened him that his blows were all but harmless, and notwithstanding the cries from all sides of the ring of "take him away," he persevered to the last of his strength. Mace getting in three instances right and left, and stepped away cleverly. Having been advised to "flush" Hurst, he commenced operations by landing left and right twice in succession on the facial ring, again turning on the tap profusely: wild exchanges followed, and Mace, in getting away, slipped down. 8. And last, despite the "demonstration" outside the ring to leave Hurst room to stand up, he stood up, and, although so nearly blinded that he could hardly see his man, he endeavored to "feel" for him, and, notwithstanding two severe "facer" from Mace's left, he succeeded in laying hold of, but failed in keeping Mace in his grasp owing to his weakness and the greasy state of his hands from the clotted carmine. Bob Bettle, seeing that Hurst had no chance, he took up his position at the center of the ring, and, as Mace approached, he went to shake hands, the latter commenced hostilities, derring that he was beaten, and squared at Mace, delivering right and left, when Mace was at least a couple of yards off. Mace put up his hands appealingly; there being no response in kind, he pushed his left on to Hurst's nasal region. A scramble ensued at the ropes, in consequence of Bettle forcing one of the principal backers into the ring, but this worthy being faithful on the point, Bettle threw up his wide awake, and repeated the combatants, who shook hands after fighting 39 minutes.

REMARKS. Throughout this encounter, Mace exhibited all those qualities which his recent career promised. He had met and defeated the best of the ring, and he was doing so at fearful odds; youth, size, strength, and weight were against him. Like Sayers, in his battle with Heenan, the disadvantages followed him into the ring. He lost the toss for the choice of corners, and had to fight on the lower ground with the sun in his face. From the first blow to the last, the conflict was all one way. Hurst fought more like a yokel at a corner fair than the Champion of England. His attitude was ungainly, and his method of defence awkward and sprawling in the extreme. Indeed, in all his endeavors to land upon Mace, the little one got away, as if the "Staley bridge" were a mere plaything, laughing at his awkward lunges, and warding off his attempted blows in the most scientific manner. In fact, only one thing troubled us, as was a skillful professor giving lessons to an utter novice. Hurst had not the slightest pretensions to the position he had assumed, and the wild and uncertain manner in which he hit out open-handed, provoked persons to make the illusion that he was the very worst that ever aspired to such an eminent pugilistic distinction. On the other hand, his friends will, doubtless, point to his recent accident, and the weakness of the broken leg, which was certainly badly set, as the bones fairly bent over. Still, this was more than counterbalanced by the fearful injury which he inflicted upon Mace in the second round, penetrating Jem's shoe and lacerating the toe and nail in a manner that caused the blood to start through, and evidently gave intense pain. Mace fought in a brilliant manner, using both hands in the style that first ensured his fame, and exhibiting an expertise in getting away, perfectly won the bet. In the early part of the fight he turned pale to an extent that was generally remarked round the ring, and the spectators believed that he had once detected the "white feather." This, however, is quite constitutional in Mace, and no one who saw him fight can question that his heart is in the right place. The punishment he administered in so short a time was fearful. But Hurst's eyes having gone up so early, proved that he was not in perfect condition, and that his accident had seriously interfered with the progress of his training. Short as the fight was, and marked as was the infant's defeat, he received punishment with great gameness when literally smothered in his own blood, and came up with indomitable resolution, when it was his business to be down, and fought on chance. He did the best to save his backers' money, and fought on till nature and not courage was subdued. The part which Bob Bettle and "Johnny" Gideon took in endeavoring to persuade Hurst's seconds to close the contest was beyond all praise, and Bob Bettle ought to have felt proud that his last vanquisher showed himself so remarkable a man. Mace is fully deserving of the proud title he has earned, of Champion of England. But Hurst had not the least pretension to the object of his ambition, and henceforward must retire to a peaceful sphere, where strength and not skill is at a premium. He and his friends must have learnt this lesson: that physical strength and muscular development are of little use without the guiding influence of science and intellect.

Hurst left the ring dreadfully disgusted; both eyes were fearfully swollen, and in a few moments after the termination of the mill, he was "stone blind," and upon such an exhausted condition that he required support from his friends. His sneller was literally smashed, and cut, as though by a knife, on each side, while his upper lip was split almost to the teeth. Jem Mace was hardly touched. The only symptoms he displayed of so desperate an encounter were a slightly swollen lip and a few bruises and scratches on the face, and before reaching town he was quite lame. Immediately after the fight terminated, and the crowd had re-marked on board collector, Mace, in a spirit which did him infinite credit, made a trip to his fallen foe, which amounted to no less than £25. Mace's backers have declared positively that they will not watch for a less sum than £500 a-side; and if no

such offer be made, Jem will retire while his blushing honors are thick upon him.

THE FINISH.

As soon as victory was declared in favor of Mace, a move was resolved upon, in consequence of the appearance of the "blues," who fortunately did not arrive till the contest was over, although it was intended to have brought off Burgess and Clarke's fight the same spot. With the little delay in Mace's corner, the contest took place, and the tide having receded, those who made for the small boat got ankle-deep in mud and slush. The steamer made a circuitous route round the mouth of the Midway past Sheerness to Southend, where the visitors to that salubrious watering-place, were not a little enlivened by the sudden incursion of the "Fancy." The train left the station shortly before two o'clock. The race was a triumph for those who were desirous to see Burgess and Clarke's mill; but the majority came on to Fenchurch street, where a large crowd had congregated, and who enthusiastically cheered Jem Mace as Champion of England.

THE TURF.

FLORA TEMPLE AND JOHN MORGAN.

THIRD MEETING OF THESE FLYERS.

The Little Bay Mare Again Victorious.

TUESDAY, June 25th was the day appointed for the third contest between Flora Temple and John Morgan, the Kentucky gelding. The race was a mile steady in Mace's corner, and the contest took place, and the tide having receded, those who made for the small boat got ankle-deep in mud and slush. The steamer made a circuitous route round the mouth of the Midway past Sheerness to Southend, where the visitors to that salubrious watering-place, were not a little enlivened by the sudden incursion of the "Fancy." The train left the station shortly before two o'clock. The race was a triumph for those who were desirous to see Burgess and Clarke's mill; but the majority came on to Fenchurch street, where a large crowd had congregated, and who enthusiastically cheered Jem Mace as Champion of England.

Every available shed and stable in the vicinity, as well as the fences around, were occupied, and at 4 o'clock it was quite a job to enter the main gate leading to the course, so great was the confusion. There was considerable dissatisfaction expressed at the price of admission by those who went there merely for the purpose of seeing the race, and who had no money to bet. These people thought a dollar a ticket too exorbitant a charge. At the Hotel there was a great deal of loud talk carried on in regard to betting, but there was little or no money "put up." There seemed to be "unlimited confidence" in the chestnut colt's success, but it was not "strong enough" to bring down the money. Mace had one special man who offered to bet "ten thousand dollars that he would beat A. or any man that takes his part," and all that kind of stuff, you know. But the old friends and admirers of the wonderful little mare turned out in mass, and were ready and willing to back her to any amount, and were sanguine of crowning her with a third victory over her competitor. In addition to the masculine on the course, there were a few of the "ladies" who were present, and "sporting women" present, who enjoyed themselves by cracking champagne bottles as well as jokes, and indulging in such delicate expressions as "Now she's coming!" "Let her rip!" "She'll play him out!" &c. &c. From these we could safely infer that the ladies were in favor of the pretty and agile little Flora.

For the purpose of the game, the race was held on the 25th day for the race to take place, having arrived, the judges assumed their position of authority on the stand, and requested the spectators to retire from the track. A painfully tedious delay, however, of a full half hour elapsed before the usually prompt little mare or her competitor put in an appearance. At last she came galloping along, and the little creature stopped along in her snuff-tray, and she looked to be in fine condition. Her coat was as bright and clear as a sheet of ice, and she appeared to be well trained for the contest. She must have had a splendid constitution to be able to endure the amount of hard work she has performed in her time. Age is bringing gray hairs into her glossy side, but her spirit will never desert her. 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SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

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THE WAR.

OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS—LOVE FOR THE UNION—RUSSELL, THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.—It must have struck everybody, we think, that, among the many calamities inseparable from the present war, one subject at least, of pleasant contemplation, has been afforded. We refer to the readiness with which our adopted citizens have enrolled themselves in the forces intended for defence of the Republic in its integrity, the gallantry they have displayed on the field of action and the discipline they have assisted in maintaining in the camp. They have indeed been the worthy associates of the native citizens in these respects, and the nation may well be proud of them both; recognizing, on one side of the large family, the affection and duty of blood, and on the side of the other, the same sentiments, derived from kindness and protection. Almost every nationality is to be found arrayed against Southern aggression, but most prominently on the score of numbers, in the Irish and German sections of our population. Probably, the hatred of these men, in respect to the tyrannical action of the South, in doing what it has done, is strengthened by their own recollection of despotism in the places they have left. They contrast the two phases of civil life which they have realized—the first, in Europe, the second, here; and that the beneficent rule of the latter should be perpetuated and strengthened, have they joined heart and hand in the great struggle now in progress.

About the war itself, our opinion is, that it must eventuate in the triumph of the Union party, and much sooner than the majority of the people are inclined to believe. Once set in motion, the true motive of our men has exhibited itself. Northern activity and genius, associated with the same qualities in those who are united with us by adoption, have prospered wherever they have been carried. Beyond the mere detail that such has been the case, we hear little or nothing—an emotion at which we might be surprised, had we not already known how miserably deficient the majority of our daily journalists are in relation to those important affairs of which they ought to be the best advised. Indeed, no talent is this coming to our comprehension, that, discarding even the reports and criticisms of some dozen editors who do say something in extent, concerning our national troubles, we trust with infinitely more confidence the statements of a few private men, dwelling among the people of whom they speak, and having as little cause to disguise the truth, as the former take pains to pass as so many Sions.

Believing, as we implicitly do, in the avowments of these persons, we should say that, even in the land of secession, the desire for success is considerably less than it has been stated to be. A few ambitious, hot-headed men have been the main cause of all the trouble. Such men are to be found in every community, as also those whom they misled for a season. In all instances of the sort, the time for after-thought comes to the dupes of these men. It is as common to thousands in the South, who are beginning to ponder more deeply on the national divisions than they have heretofore done.

Among the causes which have tended to this issue, we are inclined to number the letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, of the London Times. In all those, the cloven foot is visible. When Mr. Russell in the Crimean war, his letters on the war were read with interest and a perfect dependence on the truth of his statements, and every right-minded person applauded the writer for his exposure of the blunders committed by the "Circumlocution office," while they admired him for the graphic details he gave of the camp and the battle. But since Mr. Russell has stepped on American ground, the same unhappy charge has come over him which has been so often noticed in European tourists generally when they appear among us. He has misstated facts, and jumped at conclusions; all the time presenting undeniable evidence of being chiefly moved by a desire to prove events to which his "wish be father." How powerfully is this shown in his often repeated panegyric of a "strong government"—for the United States, if they are ever to be united again; or for either the South or the North, if they ever make an ultimate separation. For the questionable judgment of Mr. Russell, in mixing up his own personal reception in the South with the public matters he was sent thither to discuss, this brief allusion will suffice. Apart from all this, however, the inference is allowable, that the correspondent of the London Times has come over here in view of an object that does not meet the common eye, and that his half-disguised sympathy for the South may be originated with the anticipation of the day, when, left to herself, she may seek that "strong government" (which Mr. Russell thinks so desirable) under the symbol of a crown! The presence of a British prince not many hundreds of miles from the scene of the great drama that is being acted, favors this hypothesis. Governments, like individuals who have to exist upon their wits, do not disdain "dodges," when a purpose is to be served; and may not the "dodge" referred to have the London Times' correspondent for its special indicator?

But in the midst of all our troubles and agitations, in the midst of all the facts and probabilities glanced at here, one thing is beyond doubt. It is that the love for the American Union, entertained by the people of the States still true to the great compact that binds them together, is unassailable. Go where you may, the tokens are before you. It is in the place of public amusement, let any reference be made to passing events, and you will realize what we say. Go into the hotel, the store, on the mart or the street, and still the evidence meets you, of how near and dear to the heart is the national association for which our fathers fought and bled. All conversation is about it; it affords even subjects for sermons; and for the most unequivocal proof of all, that the Union must and shall be preserved—go to the household circle on the quiet Sunday evening and listen to the closing of the day's exercises, which you will find to consist in the singing of patriotic songs. In these, the voices of man and woman, the old and the young, will mingle. Beyond that, you need not seek for evidence of how profoundly the stars and stripes are liked. Long may they wave!

WON AGAIN.—In another column we give a report of the three mile heats trotting match between Flora Temple and John Morgan, on the 25th ult. Having defeated John in the one and two mile heats races, previously, and John having showed well on the two mile day, it was thought probable that Flora might not be able to stay long enough in the three mile race to carry off the prize; but nevertheless she was largely in favor in the betting, and the result was a disappointment to the friends of John, as that an animal did not exhibit to such good advantage as had been anticipated, and the little bay mare proved a comparatively easy winner of the race. There was considerable betting on time but that was rather poor to what had been looked for. So that one that series of trotting matches. We presume another "dark one" will soon be secured up to give Flora a "brush," and to enable her "knowing ones" to get up a second series of matches. Princess was brought all the way from California to give the little thing a dash, but after a number of "open and shut" dodges, the California representative quietly subsided, to give place to a few other aspirants, the last being the Kentucky animal, John Morgan, who has made as great a fuss as John Brown did at Harper's Ferry, or as Jeff Davis has done in "capturing Washington."

So we go. Who is the next customer, and what State is to furnish the next competitor for Flora? Or will the little mare be permitted to enjoy the rest of her days in peace and comfort? Sure y she has earned money enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and it is but proper that she should now be allowed to "lay off."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 288.

"A beautiful little strategem."—Field.

BY R. B. WORMALD, ESQ.



at his R5, K Kt5, Q5, K Kt3, K4, K B2, Q B4th.



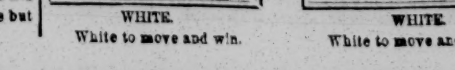
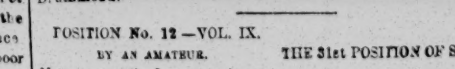
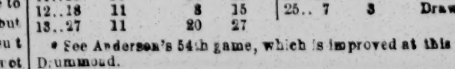
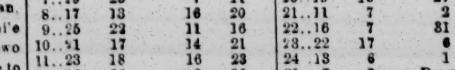
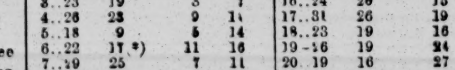
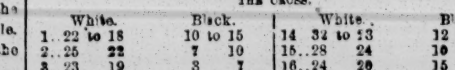
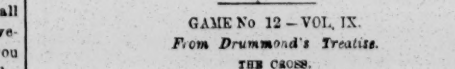
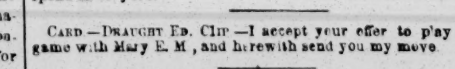
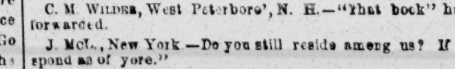
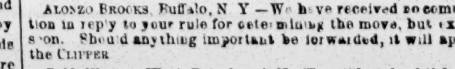
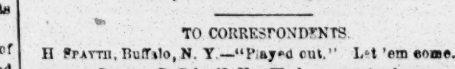
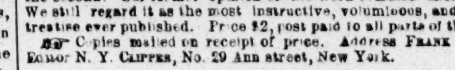
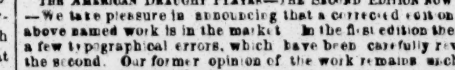
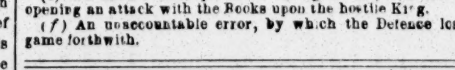
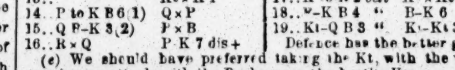
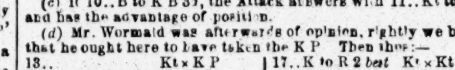
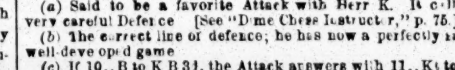
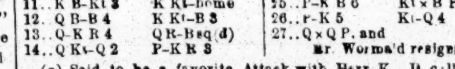
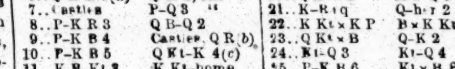
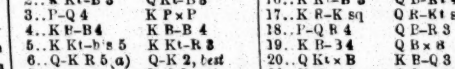
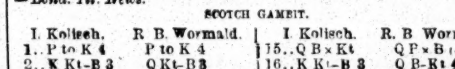
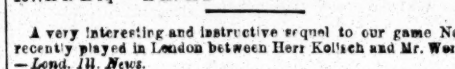
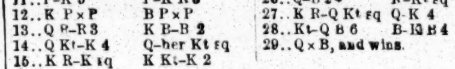
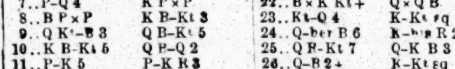
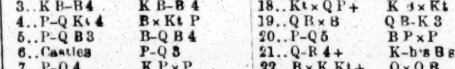
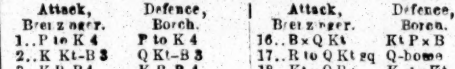
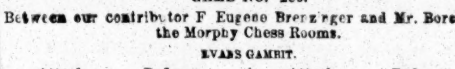
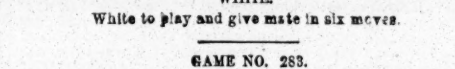
at K B5, Kt4, K B3, K R3, K3, K B6, Q3, Q5th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 288.

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



White to move and win.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 11.—VOL. IX.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 15 to 16	14 to 10	9. 27 31	19 26
2. 18 22	15 15	10. 31 22	32 23
3. 22 26	15 15	11. 28 32	27 24
4. 24 27	15 15	12. 32 27	23 30
5. 26 31	22 15	13. 27 23	19 15
6. 31 26	15 15	14. 23 19	15 11
7. 23 22	15 15	15. 22 17	21 14
8. 22 25	30 21	16. 18 9	and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 30th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1. 32 to 27	28 to 12
2. 7 10	32 22
3. 10 14	and wins.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND REJECTION.

Black—Acceptance. White—Rejection.

5. 8 11 17 13

6. 9 14 14 13

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary. White—W. S. K.

1. 13 10 24 30

2. 13 10 24 30

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND W. S. K.

Black—O. T. S. White—W. S. K.

11. 7 16 21 15

12. 10 20 28 24

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

CHARLES JOHN KEAN.

Born in Waterford, Ireland, Jan. 18, 1811. He was sent to Mr. St. John's Seminary, at Thames Ditton, and subsequently to the school of the Rev. Mr. P. H. B. of Greenford. In 1834 he became an Etudian, remaining at that seat of learning three years, and quitting it Aug. 1, 1837. At the time of his leaving Eton, an appointment in the army serving in India had been obtained for him by his father. He declined it on account of his mother being in ill health, and his father had estranged himself from her; touched with his distressing position, he took to the stage for her support, making his first appearance on October 1, 1837, at Drury-lane Theatre, London, as Young Norval; he soon suffered his prosperous career to be beset by unworthy companionship, and all was sacrificed.

It was an action was brought against him by the husband of a shifty, forward woman, when the tide of his fortunes changed and never flowed again in his favor. Public disapprobation drove him to America, and worse than all—the bottle.

On the 29th of Dec., 1837, he appeared at Drury Lane as Romeo, but the press manifested great aversion towards him, he is the summer of 1839 played with his father at Cork and Dublin. In October, of this year, he was engaged for six nights at the Haymarket, London, and Fortune—

"The stern equities, that only smiles
On the most tireless actors in his train,"

now began to favor him, and he was offered a long engagement, but he preferred seeking his fortunes in the New World, and crossed the Atlantic in the ship *London*, and landed in New York, Sept. 1, 1839, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Richard the Third. Great kindness and encouragement here met his efforts, and he succeeded eventually in establishing an enduring American reputation; made his first appearance in Philadelphia Sept. 20, 1839, as Richard.

The reception of this accomplished actor and gentleman, on his reappearance in Philadelphia, was all that his best anticipations could have pictured, or his warmest wishes desired. On his entrance in Hamlet, he was greeted by a full and brilliant audience, with applause prolonged and enthusiastic, far beyond the wont of our Philadelphia people. The actor and the man felt it deeply, and proceeded through all the acts of Hamlet with a grace, and an intellectual mastery, never surpassed in the Old World.

He visited nearly every city in the country, paying to crowded houses. In alluding to his early life, he says, that "the generous inhabitants of America, I am indebted for the first ray of success that illumined my clouded career."

In Jan. 1838, he returned to England, and opened at the Covent Garden, with a series of works. In 1839 he once more crossed the Atlantic, and while at Boston, Mass., narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of part of the machinery; an actor beside him having been crushed to death on the stage.

Returned to England in June, 1840.

On the 29th of Jan., 1842, he was united in marriage to that amiable and accomplished actress, Miss Free; and thus secured not only a most congenial partner in life, but a hand to the aid of his fortune, but an irascible coadjutor in his theatrical pursuits.

Wishing to pay a farewell visit to America he again crossed the Atlantic, in company with his wife.

In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Kean returned to England. In 1849 he was selected by Her Majesty to play the part of the Duke of York in a series of private performances at Windsor Castle, on the 28th of March, 1849 his wife died. On the 28th of Sept., 1850 in conjunction with Mrs. Keely, he became manager of the Princess Theatre, London; and on the 17th of Oct., 1851, he became the sole manager, from which he retired a year or two since, and is now starting it in the provinces of Great Britain.

MRS. CHARLES J. KEAN.

Born in Leicester Building, St. Martin's Lane, London, in Dec., 1866; made her first appearance on the stage Sept. 23, 1828, at the Drury-lane Theatre, London, as Dora Vivante, in "The Wonder;" made her debut on the American stage Dec. 12, 1836, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Rosalind; made her debut in Philadelphia Jan. 2, 1837, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, as Julia, in "The Hunchback." Visited the principal cities in the State, and returned to England, where she played a highly successful engagement at the Princess Theatre, London. Before she visited America her salary never exceeded £10 per week; on her return to England she was engaged at £25 per week.

Her career was crowned with many perils, and always true to her chaste character. We should wish to point out her frequent sobbing tones of the *Kumbychoo*, as being in bad taste, as well as a vulgar and unpleasant repetition of the same word, accompanied with a disagreeable exclamation.

No actress from abroad ever had more distinguished success in America than Mrs. Kean. She is remembered as a graceful representative of a long list of great characters to which justly rarely has been done. Her Viola, Desdemona, Portia, and Marina are not forgotten.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Born in 1774, in Anne street, Cork. At the age of twelve he began to exhibit dramatic talent, having written a play for a company of juvenile actors, of which he was the leader. His passion for the drama was so enthusiastic that he determined to choose the stage as his profession, and began to rehearse for a first appearance in the Grand Street Theatre, London, where he appeared in public some weeks afterwards. His attempt was not successful, and for a time he abandoned the stage.

In the year 1809, he joined Cherry's company at Waterford, where he remained two years, playing alternately at Waterford and Swanesboro. He soon after quit the profession and hired a small room over a shop in Belfast, and commenced his career as a teacher of Elocution and Grammar.

In 1834 he revisited his native city, where, in "The Hunchback" and "The Wife," he took part himself. In 1835 he visited America, and made his debut September 19th, as Master Walter; first appearance in Philadelphia, October 27th, 1834, as Virginia, at the Chestnut-street Theatre. On the 8th of November, a public dinner was given him, at the Mansion House, by the citizens of Philadelphia; Matthew Carey, Esq., presiding, assisted by Gen. Robt. Patterson.

In 1849, Mr. Knowles' health began to fail, and an appeal of dramatic authors to Sir Robert Peel secured him a pension of £100 per annum. He finally became a Baptist minister. As an author, he knew, like his great masters, how to use his characters; the players of the time. In portraying female characters, his excellence is universally admitted. The genius with which he has portrayed the purity of woman's heart, and her self-sacrifice, is full of truth, exquisite delicacy, and tenderness. "To him," says a friendly critic, "the modern stage is indebted for paintings of the heart, in which human passions, human thoughts, and human feelings, are delineated with a force, and expressed with an intensity, which the intellect of school would never have achieved. Elizabethan era. Adopting the style of the elder dramatists, he has had the courage to think for himself."

In answer to a lady who said that she wished for the words to thank him on behalf of her son, he said, "God bless you, I painted them as I found them." Subj. for pictures like Virginia, Julia, and Marina, are still to be found, but where are the painters?

ished in three volumes. They are all written on the model of the elder dramatists. In 1847 Mr. Knowles published a novel, in three volumes, called "George Lovell." Mr. Knowles has also written "Fortesque," a tale, for the columns of the Sunday Times newspaper, as well as contributed various pieces to the annuals and other publications.

[Next week Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

Another British and Irish Pugilistic Display—Fight between Cy Davis and Boshell.

Monley Hurst, so much the delight of the fancy, from its picturesque appearance and velvet turf, was, on Tuesday, August 24, 1819, again selected for another British and Irish pugilistic display of manhood. Boshell was then recently imported from Paddy's Land, slightly known to the Curragh, from a spirited turn-up there, but an entire stranger to the London Prize Ring, excepting from a good character given of him by Randall, in a trial set to with the latter; when it was thought, by some of his warmhearted countrymen, that he might establish himself among the light weights; and therefore, without further consideration, he was backed for fifty guineas a side. Davis' then recent defeat with Turner had placed him rather in the back ground; but still the good judges viewed it as an easy thing for the Bristol Boy, and two to one was offered on the preceding evening at the Sporting houses. The "Old Ring Goers," and the sprinkling of the Corinthians, were present; such as cannot miss any mill, bad or good, sunshine or rain, but generally speaking, it was a thin muster: indeed the heads of the Fancy were rusticated; and Egham Races being only a few miles farther on the road, operated as a sort of drawback. On the Commander-in-chief and his party crossing the water, the combatants were ordered to prepare for action; and Boshell, with much confidence, threw his hat into the ring, attended by Tom Jones and Larkins; and Davis, waited upon by Harmer and Shelton, as his seconds, answered the challenge: the hands were crossed in friendship, and the men set to.

Round 1. Boshell looked compact and well; but the remains of a small blister appeared on his stomach; and it was generally known he had had little if any training; indeed, he was without a patron. Davis was as usual, he could be said, as if confident of success. The attitude and manner of Boshell soon convinced the amateurs that success was not his forte. Davis tapped him on the arm, and got away; ditto and ditto; some little scuffling; Davis let fly, and a sharp face was the result. Two or three dodging, awkward exchanges occurred, and Boshell planted a heavy body hit; they fought into a close, and after some little struggling, Davis was thrown, and under the words, "Well done, Boshell!" "That's right, Davis," &c.; but 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 was loudly offered on the latter.

the length and breadth of the stage. She will jump half across the floor, and land on the tips of her toes, and then traverse the stage round and round in that position without the least visible emotion. With all these dashing feats, there is a grace and elegance in every move, even in the most trifling. It is as if she were a dancer, and the opera house and theatres ever produced a more accomplished and skilful performer. The Schultze Sisters, Lizzie and Tida, with Katarina and Miss Bogart, are right clever, but the Signorita puts everybody in the shade. There is a cold, falling off, or else the lady was indisposed or troubled with a cold—nothing is certain. We heard Clara sing fifty per cent better one thing is certain. The whole concluded with Plegm's Irish farce called "Servants by Legacy," the author taking Dan O'Neil, his original character. Mr. J. O. Sefton, Tony Pastor, Tim Norton, F. Spear, Fanny Archer and Mollie Newton took the other parts, and it was well performed for modesty, primness, and all the ladies in waiting are of their sex—in fact, they're perfect gentlemen! The prices, 13 and 25 cents, are within the reach of all; the hall is well-ventilated by monster fans, and the whole concern is marked by comfort, beauty, elegance, and luxury. No word more, General Butler promises ever greater attractions shortly.

Mr. M. M. Scheller, of whose performances at the Stadt Theatre last season we have repeatedly spoken in favorable terms, has signed his true Union sentiments by uniting himself in marriage to Mr. J. G. Mithras, a gentleman well known in literary circles in this city. May the union ever remain firm and intact, and may the parties thereto belong to the "traveler's list" of the rugged path in peace, health, prosperity, and contentment.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Gen. Tom Thumb and his troupe are at Fall River, Mass., July 1 and 2; closing the season at Taunton, Mass., on the 3d and 4th, when the General will retire to his retreat in Bridgeport, Conn., for a few weeks previous to starting out on his fall and winter campaign. Mr. Pearce, the General's treasurer, goes to Goshen, Mass., on the 5th; Mr. Tom, in English buff and baritone, goes to Canterbury, New York, to join the General in time for the fall season; Mr. De Vere "looks for snipe" at First Island, and Alfred Catly, the business manager of the concern, visits Newport to sniff the sea air, and compose his nerves previous to the next campaign. The others scud here and yon, to meet again on or about the 14th of August, for future operations.

This season, as we have before remarked, show business is "killed dead" out West especially in Indiana and Ohio. Antonio's Circus started out on the 9th of May, from Nobleville, Ind., and have only paid expenses in two or three towns. The proprietors are so far out about \$3000, and have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake. They will run the company for the 4th of July, and then, if they can't make it, they will close. The circus will stand this season at Tipton, Ind., on the 6th of July, when they will drive on to the farm, and turn out to grass until the times improve. Nearly every show out West is losing money, so the Antonio concern is not alone in misery.

Lent's National Circus was out on Bedford on the 27th, and did very well; from there they went to the 28th, and then to the 29th, New York, and show in Bistol July 1st, Taunton 2d, Providence, 3d and 4th.

A minstrel company called "Weaver Brothers' Union Minstrel" was billed for Middleboro, Mass., July 29th.

Two dramatic performances were given in American Hall, Middleboro, Mass., on the 24th and 25th June, in aid of the Volunteers of that place. The first was "The Merchant of Venice," and the second "The Taming of the Shrew." The performances were very successful, and the proceeds were used for the benefit of the Volunteers.

The R. Sands' Circus is still in Iowa, but business has compelled the managers to reduce salaries, to which the company have acceded, knowing, as they do, how hard it is to buck against the tide. The following letter, dated Washington, Iowa, June 25th, is from Harry De Mot, clown:—FAIRBANKS—I see from your paper, which somehow finds its way out on these Western Prairies, that you have not been posted as regards the whereabouts of the R. Sands' Circus company. [Yes, we, located yet, last week—Ed. Clip.] So I shall take it upon myself to give you a brief description of our travels, etc. Our business has been very bad since we started from Chicago, caused by the excitement which prevails throughout the country, public attention being called to a different sort of amusement, and the result is that we have been unable to secure a large audience, and have had to deduct a third of each man's salary. We all stood it with a good grace, and every man has his shoulder to the wheel to keep it moving. Our company consists of the following ladies and gentlemen, viz: Madame Virginia Sherwood, Miss Ida Ben Huntingdon, master of the circle; Ed. Bobby Williams, the veteran of the sawdust and sawdust; H. A. Adams, the comedian; Nat Rogers, M. Deverna, contortionist, late of Nibbles; Mr. Maudslow, black-wire performer; Master Charles Sherwood; also Mr. Charles Sherwood, the Pete Jenkins; Charles McLean, and your humble servant; and though last, not least, our gentlemanly manager, Mr. J. W. Fosbury, whose untiring energy has kept us together. We will look for better times, and trust it will not be long before we will see the "Wash" and our best friends in the great metropolis and trust we shall continue to receive your valuable paper. We will show at McGregor's Landing on the 4th of July, and from thence work our way into the northern part of Wisconsin. In my next I will give you a more graphic description.

Burt's Varieties, Brooklyn, will give an extra entertainment on the 4th of July. During the past week the place was fairly attended, and the receipts were more than sufficient to cover every cent expense; showing the favor in which the Varieties is held. Nelly Howard, jing dancer, is one of the present attractions of the Varieties, and a good card she seems to be, judging by the applause she nightly receives.

It is said that, after the present Opera Season, in London, Madame Gracill will make a tour through the provinces, as a fitting termination to her career in England, and that this season will witness the close of her long and glorious career, and that her "farewell performance" at Covent-garden will really be her last appearances in London.

Frank Schiffer, well known throughout Pennsylvania, as a violinist of some celebrity, and formerly connected with the "Dime Opera," has gone to the ring, having been engaged to play at the 12th Pittsburgh regiment.

Gardner & Himmings' Show was at Mifflinville, Pa., on the 25th June. On the 22d, while Mr. James Ward, the clown, was vaulting on the slack rope, one of the books that held the rope gave way, and Ward was precipitated with great force to the ground. He was caught by the ring, and the fall was not so severe as it might have been, but he was soon after brought back to the ring, and they were in Pottsville, and on the 4th of July they appear in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Madame Bishop, assisted by the Sedgwick, made her first appearance in Bangor, Me., on the 21st June, and, according to the local journals, before a "fashionable audience," which implies, we believe, that the ring was not so full as it might have been. A second concert was given on the 24th, when the price of admission was put down to 25 cents, and doubtless the attendance on that occasion was more numerous than fashionable.

Canada has been, and is still, pretty well favored with show people. Van Amburgh's show was at Kingston on the 29th of June. G. Bailey's circus was at Montreal on the 20th; where, also, Quirk was showing the "ring," and it seems that Quirk has left his party at home, for on Sunday 16th ult., he showed the animals to the tune of \$50. He will be in Boston on the 4th of July. Mabey's Menagerie, etc., was at St. Mary's on the 22d; Alexander Robinson & Co. were at London on the 25th. Canada seems to be the centre of gravity for showmen. R. B. Brown & Co. entered Canada at Prescott, opposite Odenburg; Van Amburgh, Van Amburgh & Co. at Port Huron, opposite Port Huron; Geo. Bailey took the Eastern route, and Wambold & Co. were working their way to Canada East.

Sam Cullwell gave entertainments in Toronto on the 20th and 21st ult.

Langbrish was still amusing the people at Denver City last week. Mr. Langbrish is well liked there.

After a adjourn of a week at Newport, R. I., Myers' Dramatic Company opened at Fall River on the 24th. The company, as at present organized, consists of E. L. Titton, J. C. Myers, C. Reynolds, E. W. Beattie, C. B. Wells, F. O. Savage, W. Chandler; Miss Annie Senter, Miss Rachel Johnson, Mrs. B. Wells, M. Williams, Miss Lester, Miss Jenny Reynolds, and Little Zola. The company opened at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 1st of July.

A Mr. Crenshaw, connected with a theatrical company playing at Stockton, Cal., took offence at the remarks of an editor of that place, concerning his abilities, and with a Mr. Forbes, another member of the company, repaired to the editor's sanctum, it is said, with a loaded revolver, to cause the offender to retract his assertions, but played his part badly, as the editor got the best of him with a pen-knife, stabbing him several times about the head and face. Forbes beat a retreat at the commencement of the row.

Madigan's show pitched tent at Geneva, N. Y., on the 29th June, and was crowded both afternoon and evening. On the 1st, they show at Canandaigua, 3d and 4th Rochester, 5th Avon Springs, 6th Geneva, 7th Bistol, 9th Napla, 10th Penn Yan. While at Waterloo, Mr. Joseph Burdette, while performing as the monkey brother, met with an accident, which was the result of the "head act," and sprained one of his fingers so badly that he has been unable to perform during the past week. The doctors pronounce his case a curable one. Willis Armstrong, one of the best general performers in the business, and a very promising one, has been doing the monkey business since Mr. Burdette's accident. Mr. Henry Ripley, who has been engaged by Mr. Madigan as master of the ring, is one of the best of the best traveling, and wherever they have exhibited have given great satisfaction. Owing to an increase of business, the manager has been obliged to enlarge a canvas by adding a centre pole of 44 feet, making it a 125 feet round top, with two centre poles.

Somewhat in St. Louis scolds us for the course we have pursued concerning the "Cocktail Guards." We let him have his say, and still hope to "maintain our cherished relations" with him and the rest of mankind. Here is the letter alluded to:—

"St. Louis, Mo., June 23, 1861.—MR. FRANK QUINN—I feel just now like giving you a good scolding. I am going to demolish you; in short, I am going to 'knock spots' out of you; and with this laudable intention, I dip my pen in the ink bottle. I will commence by saying that I am a strong advocate for the 'Cocktail Guards,' and I like the tone of the Curran very much. With some few exceptions, I agree with you in every subject but one, and that is, your hostility to the 'Cocktail Guards.' I don't understand why you should persecute a man on account of his individual opinions. Can we not admire a good actor, and at the same time despise him as a politician? Mark Smith, to my mind, appears to be a very good actor; but, as a politician, he merits contempt. However, as he has set a precedent, let me say, he should be tolerated. If Mr. Smith is a good actor, he should be appreciated as such; but if he doesn't tend to 'biz,' or presume to talk 'scotch' on the stage, we can hiss and hoot to our heart's content. But, Mr. Editor, if you and I cannot agree on the Smith question, there is one other subject on which I hope we shall agree. That other subject of interest is Mrs. Leighton. While this city she plays with every one by her good looks and lady-like demeanor, both on and off the stage. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Leighton had two benefits, each, while in this city; and on the occasion of the lady's benefit the house was more crowded than at any other time. This can be relied upon, as the telegrams say, and it shows how the St. Louis people can appreciate a good Union man (or woman, as well as actor). Such shows of bouquets as were showered on her, for individual opinion, but for 'putting on the stage' of one, at least, of the St. Louis folks; and should this meet her eye—but of course it will, as every body reads the CLIPPER [That is a puff for us—Ed. Clip.] it is to remind her that she has enabled the writer, as well as others, to while away in a pleasant manner some, what would otherwise be, very dull evenings. MORRIS CRYER."

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on getting, to start her again in life. Therefore she is compelled to make appeal to the protection to enable her to start in business again, and get a living for her family. Mr. W. Cooke, jun., and company, have headed the list by a handsome donation. She hopes all managers will exert themselves for her. She will feel happy to hear from any of her American managers or friends. Mr. S. Holmes, Doctor Spalding, C. Rogers, Mr. Van Horden, S. Jackson, Mr. Nixon, Levi J. North, Mr. Van Amburgh, and Dan Rice.

Mr. Edwin Adams met with a fine reception at the Boston Museum on the 24th ult. Mr. Edwin Forrest was present, and saw the Lady of Lyons through.

We have a few items from St. Louis. Our correspondent, "Spectator," writes as follows, under date of June 22: "Since my last, Geo. Dan has opened at the Grand Opera House, a new institution here expressly for the concert business, in a neat, commodious, and well-ventilated manner. Business has been fair with him during the past week, the hall having been opened on the 15th inst.; and in the company we recognize some old familiar faces which were always pleasing. Joe Gibbs, late of the Melodion, is now a Captain in the St. Louis American Zouave Regiment. Bowery Concert Hall in St. Louis, Mo., is at the present time having a place open in the city where there are regular dramatic performances. Hard times, war, street shootings, hot weather—but principally the want of 'Largent'—have killed amusements here for the time being. Dan Rice, the Shakespearean, opens here on Monday next, the 24th inst. Every gate that sweeps from the west brings to our ears the clash of reounding arms. Already the John Bull is stained with the blood of her citizens shed by fratricidal hands; and in this city alone, without a color of war, forty-eight men, women, and children have been shot down. Is it a wonder then that amusements should languish here?"

Our correspondent, "R. H. J.," Postmaster to the New Jersey Brigade, writing from Camp Princeton, Arlington Heights, Va., under date of June 25th, says:—"By St. Paul, the work goes on steadily. The outposts are nearly completed for the benefit of the Union, and should old Jeff have it in his power to range within range of our 'first tier' of accession 'checks,' he'll smell something not healthy for the bowels. As for Beauregard, should he attempt to play his heavy part, second to Jeff, before our Union gods, I assure you, Mr. Curran, he will receive 'thunders of applause.' The boys are all well, and are anxious for that Prompter Washington Head Quarters, Old 'Lundy's Lane,' to 'ring up' and go on with the show. I paid a visit to the theatre at Washington, the occasion being for the benefit of Miss Alice Placide Mann. 'The Hunchback' and 'Rough Diamond' were performed. The entertainment gave great satisfaction. During Miss Mann's delivery of 'Duke's Address to The American Flag,' some one present—a scoundrel, evidently—blasted loudly. The audience arose instantly to their feet, but the party could not be found; probably, like Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, he took to his heels and skinned Harry Pearson was in attendance to see the show, like 'common folks.' I enjoyed a genuine shake hands with him. Harry is commissary of the 79th (Scott) regiment of your city, and looks as hearty as ever. Below I attach the names of the company performing at the Washington Theatre:—Messrs. H. Bland, Brink, T. Baker, T. B. Baker, Thomas, Nathan; Miss Alice Placide Mann, Mrs. H. Bland."

The Canterbury Music Hall, St. Louis, opened on the 15th ult. to a densely crowded house. A correspondent says:—"The performers were all well received, and the performance of the evening went off with a clatter. Mrs. Kate Walters was very ill, and could not play on the opening night, and has been sick ever since, and there is no getting around enough to perform in the evening, and very soon. Since the opening, the business has fallen off frightfully on account of the dullness of the times. All business is stopped. There are no steamboats running worthy of mention on any of the rivers, either above or below St. Louis. The Canterbury Music Hall is the only place open; all the other concert rooms have shut up. Duo Rice's great show opened last night, 24th; the canvas was densely crowded, and crowds could not gain admission. Compared to the previous week, the place must do a good business when the times are better, being the best hall in the West, and the only one ever built for the express purpose. Jerry Merrifield has the whole control of the stage, both as acting and stage manager; George J. Dagle, formerly of New York, is the proprietor. He is a regular business man in every sense of the word, and is much thought of here."

The "Parker & Co." gave a concert in Pittsburgh on the 26th, on which occasion Messrs. Pope, Smith, and several amateurs performed. They had a very good house.

Hooper & Williams' Concert Saloon, in Adrian, Mich., closed on the 29th ult. C. Williams, the Young American Contortionist, is open for engagements.

One E. Doherty, at McGregor, Iowa, June 22d.

Mrs. Matt Post's Campbell Minstrels were at Detroit, Metropolitan Theatre June 15th, for three evenings.

J. C. Kelly, late of the Sherwood House, Lowell, N. Y., has gone into the theatrical business, and his company performed at that place on the 24th and 25th ult. They next appeared at Carthage and Watertown.

Mr. J. H. Doherty, Jig dancer, has joined the Fourth Michigan Regiment at Adrian, Mich.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, will close after the 4th, to "renovate."

Robinson & Lake's Circus and Menagerie did a good business at Adrian, Mich., on the 25th ult. They showed at Sylvania 26th, Toledo, Ohio, 27th and 28th; Monroe, Mich., 29th, and then, probably, to Detroit.

Plunkett's Dramatic Company, from Cincinnati, commenced a short season at Slickney Hall, Toledo, Ohio, on the 25th ult., with the following forces:—Mrs. C. Plunkett, Mrs. O. W. Blake, Miss Emily S. Hild, Miss Annie S. Hild, Messrs. C. W. Blake, John Herbert, J. W. Dougherty, Chas. Lancelotti, and C. Plunkett.

Three potter rope dancers, performing at the Hippodrome, Paris, were recently precipitated to the ground by the breaking of a rotten rope. The father and son were killed on the spot; the other son had his legs broken. The widows of the two men brought an action against the director for damages, and were allowed 20,000 francs.

The director then turned upon the rope maker, and obtained the same amount from him. However, he has reported a good pay with the Aldridge, after fulfilling his Continental engagements at Mayence, Berlin, Posen, Bromberg, Breslau, Cracow, and Lemberg, where he has been received with favor and distinction, had returned to London.

Hooley & Campbell will close at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 6th, and will then probably rest for a short season, and will close at Philadelphia on the same night, and open in Wilmington, Del., on the 8th.

Miss Anna Brown is said to have made a successful debut, as Constantine, in the Love Chase, at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, on the 25th ult. The season at this place terminated on the 26th ult., with a benefit for Mr. Davenport, the manager.

Mr. Frank R. Rivers, with his monster Melodion Troupe, takes possession of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, the latter part of this week, and will give his opening entertainment there on Monday next 8th inst. It is said that Signorina Galletti, the great dancer, will join Rivers' company in Boston, and open with them on the 8th.

The style of entertainment offered by Mr. Rivers is something entirely new in Boston, and from its varied and attractive character can be expected to meet with success. Their performance, the "Glorious Fourth," will produce on that day at the New Harmony Theatre, Shiel's play of "Damon and Pythias" and "Two Heads Better Than One." A "Big Thing" is this society to the city of New Harmony.

Mr. Lanagan opens his theatre at St. John, N. B., July 8th, and is now engaging a company in Boston. He has already secured Messrs. W. H. Whalley, Lennox, Le Moyne, G. Beck, Jas. Taylor, J. B. Adams, J. P. Sullivan, J. D. Davis, G. W. Pike and wife, Miss Annie Bland, Mrs. Rand, M. as Burback, and Miss Mary Bates.

This is the last week of the dramatic season at the Boston Museum.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.
THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 Elm

TREATISE ON SWIMMING.

NUMBER TWO.

Supposing the swimmer to be in the water, he throws himself forward on his belly, burying the whole body, but not more than burying it; his hands are brought together under the chin, knuckles upwards, and with the first fingers touching each other; the whole palm is slightly contracted, so as to form a concave surface, and the fingers are pressed closely together, to prevent the water from escaping between them. Man's hands are his paddles, and they must become as nearly as possible watertight. The legs are drawn up as short and as near the body as possible; the breath is fully inhaled; then the stroke is made; the hands and feet are both darted forth to their fullest stretch at the same moment; the hands are still kept close to each other, and the balls of the toes are made to touch, in which position they remain unmoved till the whole stroke is finished. The hands fully extended are then separated, and move round, each in its own circular curve, till they are opposite the shoulders, and then the stroke is finished. But observe that which is of most consequence—the exhalation of breath begins with the stroke, and is slowly continued as long as the striking lasts; indeed, the quantity of breath determines how long the stroke shall be, for it is taken only once at every stroke. It is very measuredly given out by a good swimmer, and all the time he is breathing forth he brings his hands round, making the lung and the hand work and cease together. The legs all the while, after the first rapid kick, remain stretched out rigidly, with the heels quite close to the water-surface; thus a flat position is secured, which greatly increases speed.

Here we have three maxims—first, the kick of the legs, acting as those of the frog, is the great displacer and propeller; the whole onward shoot is derived from it; therefore, you need a strong kick from a good pair of legs, with the knees bent up well under you. Next, the hands are only slightly propulsive; their chief use is to act as a cutwater, clearing the way for the body following, but much more to prolong the impetus given from behind, and to eke it out to the utmost. Thirdly, the breath acts as a float to the whole, and cannot be too carefully husbanded and proportioned to the long sweep of the arms.

Then to make a fresh stroke, the hands, now at right angles with the line of the body, are rapidly drawn in and brought together as at the first, the feet are drawn up, and the knees fully bent, and the breath is at one gasp recovered, and lungs perfectly filled again. These three acts are quite simultaneous; so that a swimming stroke resembles that of an oar in its perfection, for it is quick forward, evenly pulled out, and the recovery for a new stroke is rapid; and on those two things, namely, lying truly horizontal under the surface, but only just under it from head to foot, and proper treatment of the breath, the excellence of swimming depends. Remember that the strokes are so many repetitions of breathing, that the lungs float you, the feet propel you, and the hands sustain the propulsion, and in diminished degree aid you onward.

Now, when we say the body is to be horizontal, it is not meant that it must be quite flat, so that the chest shall be in the same plane with the water; for the easiest and fastest method of swimming rather places the body edgewise, one shoulder and side and hip joint being uppermost and inclining over the other. What is insisted on by the word is that there shall be no drooping, and no hanging of the legs downwards; they must always be kept up as high as the shoulders. A great advantage is gained by this sidelong position, that nearly half the whole head can be immersed, one cheek being laid downwards, and the face sunk up to the corner of the mouth. Consider what a gain it is to bury any portion of the head; by doing it you neutralise so much dead weight, for every other part being kept under, and the water displaced being about equivalent to the weight of flesh and bone, there is no weight to be carried except above water. And, because a man can afford to carry but little weight above, to reduce that little is of great importance. Accordingly, scientific and fast swimmers bury their skulls as deep as they can by lying half on one side. So telling is the extra weight of the skull that the possession of a small one makes a perceptible difference at high rates of speed. The very best swimmers we ever knew had decidedly small heads. It is a fine sight to watch a perfect master of the craft go darting along with his swift, clear, even, protracted sweep, lying down at his work as one grappling with his enemy, and throwing away no advantages, keeping exactly the level of the water from stem to stern, cleaving it with the top of his skull, and sending off a wave on each side, so as to leave a ripple in his wake behind. Only a frog can beat him for symmetry of motion; the frog is man's true model, but excels him in one point of formation, viz.: the knee-joint opening and shutting scissor-like and flat, not doubling up underneath as the human limb.

Much is said in favor of what is called the side-stroke, in executing which, the body being laid almost on one side, the uppermost hand strikes on a line parallel with the body past the hip, and the lower hand makes a shorter stroke, beginning in advance of the chest. However, we prefer that already described, where the body is also laid on one side, but each hollowed palm is thrown outwards and traverses in its own quarter circle. But whichever be the faster method, in this they agree, that it is indispensable to swim sideways and bury the head.

One of the worst and commonest faults, but which is actually taught in the swimming books, is the raising of the body out of the water at the beginning of every stroke. As inhalation takes place at that moment, the body is lighter and easier to lift, but it can only be done at the expense of strength, and it must cause a drooping of the lower part corresponding to the depth by which the shoulders emerge. No part of the body is to rise or fall more at one part than at any other of the stroke. Keep the whole frame immerged, including as much of the head as is consistent with free breathing, at an even, and that the least, depth. This is a cardinal rule of excellence. Upright swimming has had its advocates, but surely not with a view to speed. If you wish to carry a weight across a water, or to remain in it half the day playing about, you would ease yourself by allowing your feet to drop; but for direct transit from point to point, and in an unencumbered condition, it is certain that the laws of fluids require a horizontal position. In this attitude a strong swimmer will fully move five feet and a half at every stroke, and for a long time keep it up. We are speaking of fresh water. In salt he will make perhaps about 60, for though the medium is denser, this is more than compensated by the swimmer's floating in it with greater ease; and thus what exertion he spares in merely supporting himself is transferred to direct progress. How many strokes he will make in a minute must depend on his breathing capacity, but say from 25 to 26 on an average. This will give 58 yards per minute, or just two miles an hour, and we should think to accomplish two miles an hour without distress would be a fair criterion of a good swimmer. At racing pace, the strokes are much more rapid, exceeding 50 per minute, and the highest speed attainable is 88 yards, or exactly three miles an hour. Of course, such exertion cannot be long continued. Under water the speed is still greater, and the strokes can be made at the rate of one to each second.

As to man's powers of swimming great distances, it is not easy to give correct statistics. It is easier to rectify false popular notions on the subject. Men have often remained many hours, and perhaps have swam considerable distances in the sea for their lives, but the circumstances must prevent anything like measurement of the space traversed and time occupied. Probably in such cases some clothes would be worn, which would much impede progress. The truth is that to a perfect swimmer the length of his swim is solely a matter of temperature. Questions are often asked of noted aquatics whether they could swim this or that strip of water. The reply always must be, "How warm is the water to be?" Cold arrests

the swimmer, not fatigue. The longest alleged journeys in European waters on record were performed in those of Sicily, which must be comfortably warm after months of sunshine. But here, to ourselves, a mile's swim out to sea and back again is a pleasant fore breakfast excursion on the coast with the water at 72 degrees. To one perfectly at home in the element this brings no sense of fatigue. Make it warm enough, and he would swim as long as he would walk. Lord Byron relates a swim of his in Venice which is worth setting down here. He went straight ahead without resting or touching any support for four hours and twenty minutes, without any sense of fatigue. He does not give the distance, but as he does give the points at which he began and finished, the space traversed has been ascertained to be about seven miles three furlongs English. Not a bad swim for mere pleasure. But when we hear of Polynesian islanders making the sea their home during the day, or swimming scores of miles, it must be remembered that the average temperature of the tropical ocean is above 80 degrees. It is not that untutored savages are such incomparable swimmers, but they suffer no chill on their shores, and swimming in an easy fashion involves no fatigue.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

PROFESSOR K., of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life, resided at Frankfort on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; animated conversation commenced, various subjects were introduced, and at length the subject turned upon apparitions, &c. K. was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd in the highest degree. A gentleman, who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contested, both being men of superior talents, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain proposed to K. to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the captain, on his honor, would promise that no trick should be played off upon him; the captain readily gave his word and honor that no imposition or trick should be resorted to, and here for the present the matter rested. Wine and tobacco now circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost harmony and conviviality. The captain took his glass cheerfully, while K. prudently reserved himself to be completely on his guard against any maneuver that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, "to be in full and sober possession of all his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason." The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the captain and K. set out on their spiritual adventure. When they drew near the captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance of a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K. to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K. replied in the affirmative. He added further, "whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction." He then left the professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy; he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees; he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer and nearer; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer and more near; the light increased; it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. "It was then," to use his own expressions, "I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere: the heavens and every object before visible was excluded from my sight." But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention; his imagination had never yet conceived anything so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed on its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sank down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven; he remarked, for his eyes were still rivetted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, "Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?" K. replied, "he could not give a determinate answer to that question; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen; it certainly was not like anything earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend. The captain replied, "he was sorry he was not convinced," and added with a sigh, "he was still more sorry he had ever attempted to convince him." Thus far as may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor, but in the end the professor paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he had not the knowledge to control, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K. now assumed a gait which was very foreign to his feelings; his thoughts, in spite of his endeavors, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced the conversation, the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K. challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavily upon his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded; nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. I must observe, that immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire to bed. K. was silently smoking his pipe, when, on a sudden, a heavy step was heard in the passage; it approached the room in which they were sitting—a knock is heard; the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K. The knock is repeated—both are silent; a third knock is heard, and K. breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold! the same dreadful appearance which K. had already witnessed stood in the doorway. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For

a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K., determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the courtyard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the courtyard they passed into the open fields; K. with the dog was about 20 or 30 paces behind the captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment after all was silence and darkness. K. called loudly on the captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the captain stretched on the ground. The professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly, he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their attentions, but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighborhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

HORSES.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—Shakespeare.

I LOVE HORSES—A saddle is my throne—give me but the Bucephalus I esteem—and I'll faith I envy not the wealth of princes.—Some men have twenty, some fifty horses—I have but one, I never had but three in my life—the two companions of my youth, alas! are dust.—My horse is a friend, I wear him in my heart—there is no place for another of the same species. His eye recognises me—he bounds with delight at our meeting—his whole soul seems bent on pleasing me—what would he not attempt at my bidding? The least motion suffices—he never demurs—but takes a pleasure in obeying me—and often anticipates my wishes—There is no deceit in this.

Some men use their horses as mere slaves—I never had such an acquaintance. Whip me the fellow who first set the brutal example of depriving thee of thy eloquent ears—they are even more communicative than thy spirit-sparkling eye—how palpably do they express thy sensations—thy surprise—desire—terror—delight—and emulation—they are speech to thee—nay, better—for theirs is a discourse which men of every tongue, as well as all thy fellows, understand. Nature teaches them the art, or rather, "the art itself is nature."—Behold the tasteless bipeds, who rob thee of the flowing honors of thy tail—thy protection against the infinite tormentors of thy glowing reins, galled in the service of man—who pitilessly dispossess thee of the fee of nature—thy very birthright—to bedeck himself with that which he asserts would disfigure thee.

I remember, when I was a mere infant, my grandfather used to place me on the back of one of the most celebrated horses of his day. I never beheld such a high-mettled creature since—he suffered very few persons to approach him—and only one man (his jockey) ever ventured to ride him. Restless, fiery, and impatient in the extreme, he subsided into a state of anxious, breathless stillness, the moment I (a puny, helpless child) was placed upon him. 'Twas like shedding oil upon a raging sea.

Horses are as different in their dispositions as in their outward forms. There is your horse mettlesome, and your incorrigible proser—your self-conceited, curvetting palfrey, and your plain-spoken, unsophisticated, unassuming hobbin—your steed capricious, and your laudable, business-looking horse of application, and many hundred others—besides your right gallant *caudal*—the most noble beast in the creation—a combination of beauty, strength, and activity—a glorious example of nature's power—(I love to meet such a creature in full, unrestrained liberty, and high spirits, on a wide, race-tracked heath)—they all have their faults—even the very best of them—but in sooth I am in marvellous good-fellowship with the whole race—individually, and in the aggregate—the very dullest rogues have a spark of good nature in their compositions.

The most admirable object on earth is a fair woman, gallantly mounted on a beautiful palfrey—a sweet, calm-looking Quakeress, on a demure, milk-white animal, glided by me one evening, as I was dozing on the last rays of the setting sun. Dost thou think I shall ever forget the beautiful vision, reader?

I seldom bestow a thought on Alexander—but Bucephalus, the most chivalric of the race—the beau-ideal of steeds, occupies the sister niche in my memory, to that which holds the Knight of la Mancha's never-to-be-forgotten creature—Rosinante.

Who has not heard the pathetic song of "The High-mettled Racer"? I should desire no greater glory than to have been the author of that song—I often lament my incapability of turning a tune—merely because I cannot sing it. Didst thou ever notice, gentle reader, the poor Curate's Horse of Hogarth? Oh! there is more pathos—but he can better tell his own story than I can—seek him, if perchance thou hast him not—read him well—and thou mayest know his whole life. Look into the natural history of horses—'tis very interesting—unquestionably the horse will amply repay thee for studying him.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!

In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight!

Fain would I apostrophize thee for hours—"Fleet son of the wilderness!"—"Joy of the happy!"—delight of knight and lady fair in every age! What would chivalry be without thee—thou art associated with everything that's gay or gallant in its records!—thou art remembered with advantages at the tilt and tourney, with bright eyes beaming around thee—and "prize chevaliers" gorgeously bedecked heralds, and faithful squires, in thy company—fluttering hearts, and ardent spirits breathing love and gallantry all about thee—what limbs elastic!—what buoyancy of spirit beaming from their eyes—who does not applaud thy gallant bearing? Friend of mankind—I love thee.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cub-house on deck which had the appearance of having been recently patched with only canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as long as they could, an object like in appearance to a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the cub-house, against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once filled it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of 14 years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck it showed, for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; it tried to move and next moment

muttered in a sepulchral tone, "There is another man!" The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and in looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tinpot in which there was about a gill of water; and a hand of the other reaching to the deck as if to regain a bit of raw salt-beef of the size of a walnut which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! they had starved in their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain S. committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes, and at the end of three weeks more the "Skeleton of the Wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

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